



# WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY? WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY?

## A PAGE OF REAL NEWS EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS A PAGE WORTH READING

### MANHATTAN

#### SIGNS IN "THE VILLAGE."

In a ramble through Greenwich Village I saw: TNT Shop, Blue Paradise, Blue Horse, Pirate's Den, Romany Marie's Tavern, The Soul-Light Shrine, Pie and Whistle, Full T. Room, Cafe la Boheme, Jolly Friars, The Heathstone, Hamish Orbeck Batic Studio, The Treasure Box, The Bead Shop, Ye Little Quakeress' Tea Room, Oat Fudge, Golden Swan, Rainbow Inn, Pepper Pot, The Red Head, Blue Bird, The Studio, Blue Goose, Moulin Rouge Cafe, Little Shops and Coffee House, The Trio, Betsey's Frock Shop, The Jumble Shop, Viola's, The Mad Hatter, Samovar, Mona's, Ye Pollywogge, Helen Page's Silhouette Shoppe, The Garret, Golden Eagle, White Elephant Thrift Shop, Celestial Pagoda, La Scala, The Mill, The Flamingo, The Provincetown Players, The Black Cat, Washington Gardens, Good Intent.—James J. Barnes, No. 338 East 23d Street.

#### PUNISHED.

I'd given up my job as a private detective several years ago and with it his wife. We had the usual description of him and that he had a cast in his right eye. We had all failed miserably to locate him, but today while I sat in Central Park I saw sitting next to me a man with a cast in his right eye. I started talking to him casually and learned, with what I already knew, that he was the man we had sought. But I didn't report him. He was shabby looking. His wife had got a divorce and was happily remarried and I figured he was punished enough.—W. B. Ganun, No. 49 Worth street.

#### PENNY SCORNFUL.

Urchins in grotesque costumes in front of the Grand Central Station had been the recipients of much largesse by commuters. I noticed one wasn't offering up all his pennies and when I offered him a few he looked scornfully at me. "Africa got a nickel," he asked. "I got me pocket full of pennies now."—Lillian Sullivan, No. 151 East 41d Street.

#### GUESS WHICH.

In the neighborhood of Broadway and 42d Street I saw a man in full dress suit and high silk topper riding a motorcycle in the steady side of a large street. A pretty girl in bridal costume with a bouquet of lilies of the valley. I was almost sure the card on the back of the car would say "Just Married" or something else equally foolish, but it didn't; it advertised an attraction current at one of the theatres.—T. Spies, No. 300 East 23d Street.

#### TWINSOME.

To-day I visited two of my girl friends who are twins and I saw their children, also twins. Strange coincidence, their husbands are twins.—E. Harris, No. 285 Bowery.

#### TESTFUL.

I saw a bright looking boy of about eleven selling flowers in the neighborhood of Trinity. At 1 o'clock he stepped into the burial ground, placed his flowers on the shady side of a large stone and apparently went off to luncheon. On his return he found the flowers undisturbed.—Harold E. Rubin, No. 10 Manhattan Avenue.

#### EAGLE GIVES ORANGE JUICE.

In the open-air market at First Avenue and 14th Street I saw a man walking up and down with an aluminum tank on his back. He was selling orange juice, which flowed from the mouth of the figure of an eagle. The bird was decorated with flowers and ornaments. You received your orange juice in an individual drinking cup and paid 5 cents for it. The "eagle" was kept busy.—Monica Corley, No. 352 East 19th Street.

#### ROUND TRIP TO LONG BEACH.

I noticed yesterday when I bought a ticket for Long Beach at Pennsylvania Station that the round-trip tickets have three means of identification. Every precaution appears to have been taken in order that the traveler may know which piece of the ticket to hand to the conductor. The part to be surrendered on your way out is marked with a single strip of red, running across the coupon. Across the middle of it is marked "New York to Long Beach." The other half is distinguished by TWO strips of red, the words "Long Beach to New York" across a blue water center, and the word "Return" across the end. Yet I am willing to wager some passengers get the different sections twisted.—W. C. Young, No. 318 West 37th Street.

#### A KITE IN THE CITY.

On the sixth-floor fire-escape of a crowded tenement in the nineties a lad of ten, in cotton undershirt and ragged trousers, tried to fly a kite. Into the air he flung it, but on every side the breeze was cut off, and it fell. Immediately every window was filled with children anxious to help by holding the fragile creation so that it might catch a vagrant breeze. Children two stories below tried to tell one story below from other windows, and women offered advice and encouragement, and when I walked across the little boy was still trying wistfully to fly a kite that wouldn't fly and sadly smiling appreciation to all who tried to help him.—Clifford T. Cradington, No. 373 Fourth Avenue.

#### "SKITTER."

Coming up on an 8th Avenue car early in the evening I saw two women sitting on a park bench with newspapers around their ankles. They looked queer. I wondered what the deuce the Big Idea might be and came to the conclusion it was an account of the well known Anaphoric family of Jersey.—J. Law-Chandler, No. 318 Central Park West.

#### ART AND NATURE.

The station of Gen. Sherman by St. Gaudent was before me in Central Park today when I noticed a dead horse in the street. I was struck by the fact that the carcass exhibited no semblance of life, no grace or form, it was nothing but a meaningless bulk. Then I glanced up to the St. Gaudent station. Here, was, seemingly, life. The horse was vibrant, tense. And yet both horses, the dead one and the statue, were clay.—Lawrence Gibson, No. 63 Greenwich Avenue.

### BROOKLYN

#### WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE AT NIGHT.

A bridge not only serves as a connecting link between boroughs but also becomes an elevated oasis on which one finds relief from the desert of crowded streets. The Williamsburg Bridge, for instance, on a clear night is as popular as any park. I saw Williamsburg Bridge last night (and I expect to see it again to-night and to-morrow night), with the hundreds to whom in torrid August it gives coolness and comfort. Suspended between heaven and the river you see the silvery moon casting its rays upon the water below. You watch the dark, restless waters of the East River as they catch beams of light, transforming the stream into a mass of swiftly moving stars which sink mysteriously into dark depths. A light breeze fans your cheek with magic wing, cooling your brow and bringing calm to your heart. You discover one star, brighter than all the rest, which seems to be shining for you alone. The bridge is a steel network, built by finite man, and upon which he is able to gaze upward to the starry heavens of the Infinite God.—William Kranz, No. 200 Keap Street, Brooklyn.

**NECK AND NECK.**  
This sporting event took place in a New York-New Haven train. The window pane was the race track, and there were two entries—rain drops, which started from the top of the window at the same time. "How's your sporting blood, Bill?" called a man to his seat mate. "I'll place a five that the left hand drop reaches the bottom first." The bet was made and the race was on. The left hand drop made a sudden spurt and stopped. Slowly but surely the other drop advanced for a gain. Now they were neck and neck and headed for the home stretch. For a moment there was the same sort of tenseness one feels at a race track, and we were all on the verge of yelling when the two drops merged into one and fell to the bottom of the pane a perfect tie.—Edwin A. Benedict, Brooklyn.

**AN ABSENT-MINDED TRAVELER.**  
In a New York Central diner I saw a young lady take a most opposite an interest, epinephrine person. They were strangers, for no word of greeting passed between them. The girl ordered her luncheon and gazed out of the window. The waiter brought the older woman a paper folder and she took it to his seat mate. "I'll place a five that the left hand drop reaches the bottom first." The bet was made and the race was on. The left hand drop made a sudden spurt and stopped. Slowly but surely the other drop advanced for a gain. Now they were neck and neck and headed for the home stretch. For a moment there was the same sort of tenseness one feels at a race track, and we were all on the verge of yelling when the two drops merged into one and fell to the bottom of the pane a perfect tie.—Edwin A. Benedict, Brooklyn.

**FOR THE NIGHT BOAT.**  
Scores of campers along the Hudson greet the Albany night boats. They come out in groups and are revealed by the searchlights. Passing one camp of boys was a man, marching out in his pajamas to perform for our benefit. The white little figures with a background of light from the boat, seemed like animated little statues performing in a strange, eerie spot.—T. J. L., Brooklyn.

**SEWING COMMUNICATION.**  
A young woman and a young man came into the subway together. They could not find seats together, but they sat on opposite sides of the car. Each used a newspaper as a sort of table and their fingers as keys and throughout their journey telegraphed each other what they had to say.—Joseph McGinn, No. 235 89th Street, Brooklyn.

**BEATING THE SCALES.**  
On a "Guess Your Weight" Free scale in the subway a man. The "Guess" indicator stood at 175 pounds and the weight indicator at 176 pounds. He meditated for a moment and then took off his coat. The two needles went to 175 and he got back his penny.—Herman Cohen, No. 257 Amboy Street, Brooklyn.

**HE WAS LOSING THEM.**  
I saw three small boys trying to "hop" trucks in Henry Street. Two of them finally landed one. The third chap, somewhat smaller, managed to get a firm clutch on the tallboard, but apparently was unable to complete the climb. His companions made a desperate effort to haul him in. The best they could do was pull his little shirt up out of his pants and over his head. Finally all three abandoned the trip and took to a nearby doorway for necessary repairs.—Daniel Bellamy, care Hydenreich Bros., No. 164 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn.

**FOUNG CONDUCTOR.**  
Last night while attending a concert at the Stadium my attention was drawn by a golden-haired boy of four. He stood up and in harmony with the conductor waved an imaginary baton. His mother told him to be seated. He was, for a moment. Then he arose again and finally the mother saw that her commands were forgotten in the boy's eagerness to express himself. Throughout the evening he was a conductor, at times limiting the leader of the orchestra, but mostly originating his own movements. He appeared to sense the rhythm of the movements and knew how to feel the spirit. His climaxes were things of fire and vigor, while his interludes were slow, beautiful movements of the music with leisurely, graceful gestures. Plainly a lover of music, he expressed his love with all the fervor of his small being.—Mary E. Bower, No. 244 New York Avenue, Brooklyn.

**BOSCO!**  
While I waited for a chance at the telephone at Manhattan Beach I saw a man in one of the booths rip away the receiver and the connecting wires. He came out as red as a beet and shaking with rage. "I'll bet they give me attention next time." As he scolded he could make out his complaint was that he had been given "bosco number" four times in a row and on his fourth attempt he had been returned without the claimed any explanation.—Herbert T. Allen, No. 851 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn.

**IDENTIFIED.**  
On Broadway is a drug store that looks like any sort of a store but that in the windows are candles, bathing caps, shoes, cigars, books and scores of things, except drugs. Recently this sign was put up over it: "This is a drug store."—F. H., Brooklyn.

**NO DAMPENED SPIRITS.**  
Last night I saw hundreds of people listening to a concert in Central Park in the rain. Most of the people were standing under umbrellas, which immediately with the rain, had become community property, and they stayed until the concert was finished.—David Lockowitz, No. 16 Nichols Street, Elyria.

**A "SAFETY" FIRST.**  
In a shrewdly run restaurant I saw father, mother and baby. They came to a table near our own. As they were waiting for their mother, they immediately with the rain, had become community property, and they stayed until the concert was finished.—David Lockowitz, No. 16 Nichols Street, Elyria.

**PAPER PONCHO.**  
On Broadway at 14th Street I saw a man during a heavy rainstorm. He was dressed like an army poncho, but on closer inspection it was only a heavy sheet of wrapping paper with a hole cut in it to cover his head.—Mrs. J. Fairman, No. 711 Montross Avenue, Brooklyn.

Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State where the thing written about took place. Write your own name and address carefully and in full. Checks are mailed daily.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

**DAILY PRIZES:**  
For the best stories each day: First Prize, \$25; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Ten prizes of \$2 each for ten next best stories.

**WEEKLY PRIZES:**  
Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$10.

### MANHATTAN.

**BEDRIDDEN.**  
A discarded wire bed spring had been thrown into the street opposite the public school in East 84th Street. Two boys on roller skates stood looking at it. Presently they removed their skates, fastened one at each corner of the bed spring and in a few moments were soliciting business for a ride around the block at two cents a trip. Later I saw they had fastened on chairs and were doing a rubbing business.—C. Manning King, No. 108 West 43d Street.

**EXPERT.**  
I was sitting on a stool in a doughnut luncheon on West Eighth Street today when a tall, spare woman, about sixty, entered and asked the clerk to let her try one of the doughnuts. "I'll buy some if I like 'em well enough," she said. The man put a doughnut on a plate and sprinkled it liberally with powdered sugar. She ate it to the last crumb and shook her head regretfully as she prepared to depart. "They ain't bad," she said, "but mine are a heap better. You just need a little more shortening." "All right," the passenger said. "There's a Cheshire cat in it. I'm taking it to my wife. The cat's sure to get out and hotfoot it back to the shop if you open the bag. I'd never dare go home." But the inspector was firm. The bag was opened, and with a snarl a half-eyed, spitting, clawing gray cat leaped out and tore across the pier and up the gangplank. She wasn't found, but somehow the passenger didn't seem to be particularly downcast. The grateful inspector passed him on and in a corner just outside the hall he was met by the ship steward. "Here's the empty bag," the passenger said to him. "All right," the steward said. "I'll take it to the kitchen. Got twelve bottles there? Good." It was just a dodge to smuggle in some whiskey.—Ethel de Conte, No. 364 Trinity Avenue, Bronx.

**AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.**  
At 2:30 o'clock this morning I saw a half dozen shabby-looking men, who appeared to have been up all night, standing at McDougal and Eighth Streets. Soon they made a dash for the building at No. 21 Eighth Street, over which hung a sign reading: "Office and Kitchen of St. Andrew's 1 Cent Coffin Stands. Food and Coffee Served Here Week Days, 6 A. M. to 4 P. M. Sundays and Holidays, 7 A. M. to 12 M. at 1 Cent a Portion."—James J. Barnes, No. 338 E. 23d Street.

**HAPPINESS.**  
Tomplins Square on a Sunday afternoon is packed with people, broken up into little groups, not one of them speaking English and all talking and gesturing excitedly. Mothers nurse their babies on the park benches while older children play, and fight, and then play again, at their feet. It is foreign and it seems so strange, but a healthy sort of restlessness with which is mixed an eagerness and a happiness one does not often see in other parts of the city.—A. B. T., New York.

**HE CALLS FOR WATER.**  
Any one who loves animals will be interested in visiting the Bronx Zoo on a hot day to watch the elephant when it gets too warm to suit him. He roars loudly enough to be heard at quite a distance and really acts as if he were trying to break loose from his chains. Finally a keeper will appear with a can of water and walk to the hose the elephant stops his noise, and when the water is turned on, acts like a school-boy on vacation.—George C. Mack, No. 223 West 46th Street.

**"WHAT'LL I BE, GENTLEMEN?"**  
In a Herald Square hotel soda fountain I saw a drink mixer who seemed to me to be a "real live" bartender. He was clearly shaved, his hands were clean, his white coat was clean and buttoned up snugly. There was a definite quality about him one doesn't see in those other persons who stand about on the flag side of soda counters and stop your drink over when they pitch it in front of you. In this particular place there was a particular, evasive movement of his body, a wistful use of a rag in polishing the metal tops of the numerous caps and wiping the counter. In that particular, evasive movement reminiscent of other days.—F. R. W., No. 145 W. 48th Street.

**QUEENS TEAMWORK.**  
There was only one seat vacant in the car when the young couple got on, so the young man said to her, "Now, when I sit down come over and stand in front of the man sitting next to me." She did, and it wasn't a moment until the man got up and gave her his seat.—George W. Brown, No. 261 Breehe Avenue, Long Island City.

**RICHMOND. THE LOTUS FOND.**  
I saw to-day one of the two Egyptian lotus ponds in the United States. One is in Florida, but this one is within 20 minutes of Broadway, and it is completely filled with its tall lilies colored from the palest pink to the deepest red. They grow three and four feet high, with petals like our own lilies, but more numerous, and their perfume is exquisite. On calm days the whole valley is scented with them, and the place where they may be seen by tourists through Park, N. J.—M. W., New Brighton, S. I.

### BRONX

**A FRIEND IN NEED.**  
Between Willis and Brook Avenues to-day I saw a driver for his establishment. Around the corner came an old woman, carrying a big bag of potatoes and other parcels. Just as she turned the corner the bag burst and "spuds" rolled in ninety-nine directions at once. She stood still, looking at them. Her face was a picture. Before she could make up her mind whether to laugh, cry or sink to the sidewalk and "just give up," the driver of the laundry wagon was picking up the potatoes. He placed them, five or six at a time, in a back corner of his wagon. Then he took her other parcels. Finally he took her lightly by the arm—oh, you should have seen her smiling now!—and helped her up to his seat. Then he drove her home. I don't know what his name is, but I think his picture should be on the first page.—Helen Clarke, No. 492 East 139th Street, Bronx.

**ANOTHER ONE.**  
He had just come off a ship and his condition probably led the Customs officials to suspect something, for they searched his baggage carefully. They found nothing and then asked to examine his suit case. "I must ask you not to have me open this one," Mr. Inspector, the passenger pleaded. "There's a Cheshire cat in it. I'm taking it to my wife. The cat's sure to get out and hotfoot it back to the shop if you open the bag. I'd never dare go home." But the inspector was firm. The bag was opened, and with a snarl a half-eyed, spitting, clawing gray cat leaped out and tore across the pier and up the gangplank. She wasn't found, but somehow the passenger didn't seem to be particularly downcast. The grateful inspector passed him on and in a corner just outside the hall he was met by the ship steward. "Here's the empty bag," the passenger said to him. "All right," the steward said. "I'll take it to the kitchen. Got twelve bottles there? Good." It was just a dodge to smuggle in some whiskey.—Ethel de Conte, No. 364 Trinity Avenue, Bronx.

**OLD GENTLEMAN ON AN ESCALATOR.**  
At the Intervale Avenue subway station in the Bronx I saw a rather feeble old gentleman among several passengers riding up on the escalator. When he was about half way to the top it appeared that for some reason or other he had changed his mind and wanted to go down again. He was unable to walk down as fast as the escalator was going up and after a few minutes of futile effort he landed, against his will, on the platform at the top.—B. Canick, No. 263 East 194th Street, Bronx.

**"TEDDY" COMES HOME AGAIN.**  
While waiting for a street car early this morning I saw a sweet-faced woman tapping on the glass door of a vaudeville theatre. She told the watchman who came that her little girl had left a much-loved teddy bear in the night before in the theatre and had cried herself to sleep because it was not in bed with her as the escalator was going up and after a few minutes of futile effort he landed, against his will, on the platform at the top.—B. Canick, No. 263 East 194th Street, Bronx.

**"TAKE A CHAIR."**  
A handsomely gowned woman sauntered languidly into the tea shop. Her dress was trimmed with small buttons. She draped herself on a white chair, a stoker's chair. When she finished her luncheon she started toward the door, but drew up short as the room stifled a laugh. The wicker chair in which she had been sitting was going with her. One of the buttons in her dress had caught in it. After a waitress had disentangled her she was able to proceed again, and the left looking straight ahead as if nothing had happened.—Billie Rainford, No. 109 Penmore Road, Manhattan, N. Y.

**THE OVERLAND TRAIL TO N. Y.**  
Near Elizabeth to-day I saw an old dilapidated wagon such as was used during the gold rush—a prairie schooner—drawn by an old horse. Inside the schooner an old man and an old woman sat on the driver's seat, while behind them in the back of the wagon were two children covered with blankets. On the outside, written on a blackboard, were the words, "Indianapolis to New York in Forty Days."—Marjorie Michaels, No. 723 Cleveland Avenue, El Mar, N. J.

**WHAT BECOMES OF THE CATALOGUES?**  
On returning home to-day we found the postman had left about fifteen pounds for us. As we could not remember having sent for anything to be delivered by mail we were curious to learn what this could be. We found five big catalogues of a mail-order store. Only one of them was addressed to us.—Ella Ryder, No. 21 Wallace Street, Prospect, L. I.

**EMPLOYMENT WANTED.**  
Just about noon every week day in Newark several hundred men gather outside the entrance to the basement of one of the afternoon papers and wait impatiently for the newsboys to appear with the edition. As the boys come out they are always pinched by the crowd in its eagerness to buy, but without exception they ignore the front page. Even the sporting page is skipped. All hurriedly, eagerly scan the Help Wanted columns.—A. Cangeloni, No. 122 Washington Street, Belleville, N. J.

**LOOKING FOR HELP AT A POKER GAME.**  
We were playing poker in the living room. The French door opens out onto the front porch. There were some good hands out and the crowd in the window when we heard a knock at the door and, holding the curtain aside, recognized the town policeman. Everybody stopped. "Where's punched? The floor, when we opened up for him, said there had been a burglary in a house down the road. He was looking for help.—C. Clayton, Glenwood Landing, L. I.

**FOR GOOD LUCK.**  
A Jackson Avenue store advertises its "rabbits' feet" in all its windows. As I was coming to the card in the window they are carried by bankers, lawyers and magistrates.—Philip Murphy, No. 451 Bergen Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

**A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.**  
In a field which was flooded by the most recent storm I saw a woodchuck sitting alone on a board. The little animal was squeaking in terror.—B. Vetter, East Chatham, N. Y.

**Yesterday's Special Prizes**

First Prize, \$25  
E. CARTWRIGHT, No. 138 St. Paul's Avenue, Tompkinsville, S. I.

Second Prize, \$10  
GEORGE A. OHREN, No. 187 West 31st Street.

Third Prize, \$5  
WILLIAM SEIDEL, No. 303 East 164th Street, the Bronx.

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each

AARON RAUCH, No. 18 Third Avenue.  
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JOSEPH F. ROSENZWEIG, No. 1182 Southern Boulevard, the Bronx.  
M. W. WEISBERG, No. 104 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.  
HAYMAN FRIEDMAN, No. 823 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn.  
WILLIAM J. QUINN, No. 225 Hancock Street, Long Island City.

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.